CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST....BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

VOLUME II. NO. 5. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1843. WHOLE NO. 57

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

Wm. S. Balch, O. A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley, Editors.

TERMS: $2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE 140 FULTON STREET, SECOND FLOOR.

Original.

THE INQUIRY OF THE WATCHMEN.

BY REV. S. JENKINS.

"Watchman, what of the night?"—Isa. xxi. 11.

I have not placed this passage at the head of this article for the purpose of inquiring into its meaning, which, perhaps, could only be done with an approximate degree of exactness. I have placed it there because the inquiry may be made of religionists at the present day.

It is common for us now-a-days to call ministers of the Gospel, and the leaders of all sects and parties, watchmen. The propriety of this will be questioned by no one when they consider that these have taken upon themselves the safe-keeping and defence of the peculiar sentiments of their sect or party, and of whom we inquire when we wish to ask anything in relation to their opinions. I do not mean to be understood by this that the mass of the people have no part in the support and defence of their peculiar doctrines. The people do *think* and *act*. But the *leaders* of the party stand in the same relation to others that our general government does to the governments of the States. Leaders of religious sects, especially, are called watchmen—watchmen on the walls of Zion.

A preliminary consideration to the subject before us, is, that religion, or religious truth, is designed to supply our wants in this state of existence. Man knows that he is a living, thinking being,—that after a few brief years—after a few more rolling suns, and the frosts of a few more winters have whitened his brow, and this mortal frame has become palsied with age, he must die. The question naturally arises as his dissolution draws nearer, shall I live again? Is death but being removed into another state of being, or is it the end of existence? Are all these noble powers to sink into utter forgetfulness, or are they to enlarge and expand—become purified and refined, and to live on in changeless youth and increasing vigor?

To solve this problem—to show man he will live in another and higher state of being, the principles of religious truth were made known to him. These truths were made known to enkindle the fires of hope in his bosom; to enlighten the dark valley and shadow of death, and to enable him to cast the strong anchor of his hope within the vale, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Death has long and justly been compared to night. It is the night of existence. It is that which draws darkness over all the schemes, and projects, and plans of man. If he has no religious principles, death is a mazy blank before him. Its darkness is impenetrable—his vision reaches no farther than there. There hope falters, and the generous aspirations of the soul for immortality die away.

It is unnecessary to take even a brief survey of the different religious systems among men, to show that the solution of this question is what they have all attempted in their turn. They have all attempted to raise a beacon light on the farther shore, towards which the watchful votary might turn his way with the confidence of arriving safely there. A religious system that does not do this fails in its object. If it cannot do it, the system is not true.

As this, then, is the test, we may inquire of the watchmen on the walls of skepticism, "What of the night?' Can you answer, "The morning cometh?" Let us inquire for a moment, and see if there is anything in skepticism that will give such an answer.

What is skepticism? I answer: it is the disbelief of divine Revelation; the belief that the Bible is not a Revelation from God. Now, it must be admitted that the Bible teaches that we shall live after we have put off this tenement of flesh. It teaches the doctrine of life and immortality. Then, when we turn to these watchmen on the walls of skepticism and ask, "What of the night?" what answer do they give? Christianity alone makes known to us that we are heirs of immortality. Skepticism says, Christianity is false. Then what answer does it give? Does it tell us that when we die we shall live again? No! Does it tell us that the time is coming when we shall be freed from the ills of mortality; when we shall be raised, incorruptible? No! Does it contain the least element of that which will satisfy the wants of humanity? No! then what answer do these watchmen give us? We are obliged to answer, none! no voice replies!

But says the skeptic, we believe in the immortality of the soul as much as you do. That I will grant if you desire it; but where is your consistency? You say you believe that the Bible is a falsehood; and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is the fundamental principle on which it is addressed to us. You believe this doctrine; it is one of the fundamental principles of the Bible, and you believe that to be a forgery and a falsehood! Now one of two things must be admitted,—either that you do not believe in the immortality of the soul, or that so much of the Bible is true. If you admit the latter position, where is your skepticism?

But I am prepared to carry this farther. I am prepared to take the ground that man cannot know anything of an immortal existence independent of the Bible. True, if they have not the Bible, they can ask if it is *probable* that this thinking, reasoning mind will sink into annihilation; but when they look around to see if there is anything which will afford the least ground for hope that it will live on, they are obliged to turn back, and to turn back in despair. They may look at the gaudy butterfly which glitters in the sunbeam, which is so often pointed to, but

that sheds no light on the darkness. True, it passes from one form of existence into another; but then, like all else that is earthly, it returns back to its native dust. Take away the Bible, and you take away all means of learning of the future.

It is often asked how the ancient philosophers came to the conclusions they did, if the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is not taught in nature? When it can be shown, (which cannot be,) that they could not have received it from the revelations made to the Patriarchs and Prophets, either from the records of these revelations or from the Patriarchs and Prophets themselves, or from those connected with them, the inquiry will be in point, but not before; as it is, too much is assumed to have it possess the least weight.

Then, in the conclusion, we are obliged to repeat the question to these skeptical watchmen, "What of the night?"

We next inquire of the watchmen on the walls of limited salvation, "What of the night?" Do they answer, "The morning cometh." Let us inquire and see. I shall doubtless be excusable if I pass over the old, antiquated doctrine of Election & Reprobation, which was so popular in the age in which men were possessed of iron hearts, for it will be readily perceived that a satisfactory answer cannot be given on that system. Some would be saved,—whether *saints* or *sinners*, no one but God knew. They might answer, the morning will dawn upon you if you are one of the elect; but if not, you are doomed to greater darkness. Would this afford any consolation to a dying man? It would not dispel the darkness one whit.

We come to the doctrine of Free Grace, so-called. According to this system, sin is infinite, either in itself, or in its consequences, or in its continuance. The sum of the whole matter is, if we are *sinners*, our doom is endless death,—if not, endless life.

Now, I appeal to you, readers; are you, *any of you*, sinless? Can you say that your hands have never done wrong? that your tongues have spoken no ill? or that your minds have never indulged sinful thoughts? Why, if you have no sin, are you cast down? Why does the fear of evil disturb you? The apostle testifies that "we have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Then what will the watchmen on the walls of limited salvation say to the inquiry? I will not speak the doom!

But, say these watchmen, we *can* give a favorable answer to those who *try* to live a life of virtue and piety. The reader will readily see that this forms an *exception* to the principles of that doctrine, and if we find one exception, we *may find* another, and *another*, and ANOTHER, till it *may* be we shall find every son and daughter of Adam's race, an *exception* to the principles of that doctrine.

But I will turn from this. I believe we have some light—all that is necessary for us. We have that which will lighten the trials and sorrows of this transitory life, and then place a beacon-light on the farther shore of the Jordan of death. We turn to the watchmen on the walls of Universal Salvation and ask them, "What of the night?" Do they answer, "The morning cometh!" Let us see what the answer is.

According to this system, God is the Father of all mankind,—not in that vague, indefinite sense which those of a different faith represent—but their Father in that near intimate relation which we feel exists when we say, "Our Father who art in heaven." Universalists believe God to be the Father of mankind in that peculiar sense which makes them the proper and immediate recipients of his spiritual gifts;—their Father, as the *origin* and *source* of all the holy affections of the soul.

In the next place, they believe that God hath *given* to us Eternal Life, and that life is in his son, as saith the record, "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life; and this life is in his Son." 1 John, v. 11.

They believe that Christ is possessed of sufficient power to accomplish all he has undertaken. They believe that "He will see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied"—that "The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand." They look forward to that happy consummation spoken of in 1 Cor. xv. 24—28, "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power. For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith, all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." This is the grand consummation for which the weary soul waits, and for which the generous aspiration ascends to the throne of the Omnipotent. These are the grounds of that faith which supports us under all the trials of life—in which we rest in hope—assured that our Master will not "fail nor be discouraged," but will accomplish the purpose of God.

We ask these watchmen, "What of the night?" The answer is, "The morning cometh." There is in this system all the elements of that which will satisfy the wants of man. He asks, shall I live again—shall I be crowned with blessing and bliss? The answer is, In the morning of the resurrection he shall come forth in the likeness of his Master,—washed in the blood of the Lamb, and clothed in the garment of immortality.

Go then, reader, whosoever thou art, listen to the voice of these watchmen of Universal and sufficient grace. They will speak to thee the "glad tidings" of that "great joy which shall be unto all people." They will point out to thee the duties of life, and lighten thy sorrows with the hope of heaven. I cannot now point to any of the many examples of those who have died in the triumphs of this faith. There are many—many such. It brings gladness to all, and sorrow to none. Do thou embrace it *heartily*; thou wilt find it good to live by, and glorious to die by.

East Medway, Mass.

Original.

A BROAD HINT.

Dr. Philips, a Presbyterian clergyman, when preaching before the general assembly of that body, said, "the preaching of the eternal punishment of the wicked was becoming unfashionable in his denomination." We are pleased to hear it, from so high a source, for we consider the preaching of such a sentiment, (if by it they mean endless punishment,) a great evil. It serves to blacken God's character, drive men from him, and make them orphans, or worse than orphans.

It is evil, because whenever it is preached, there is a way presented of escape from *all* punishment, so that the hands of the wicked are strengthened in their iniquity. If preachers will not abandon it for any better reason, we hope they will for fashion's sake, and as the Presbyterians are a fashionable people, their preachers will be likely to take *the hint*, and stop preaching endless misery. The fashion of preaching something more honorable to the character of God is becoming more general, and we would recommend all endless-misery preachers to follow it.

A. C.

Worcester, Mass.

Original.

FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN NEW LONDON, CONN.—NO 1.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—I have chosen the above caption to an epistolary communication which, with your permission, I propose to hold with the readers of your excellent and useful Journal, although I have drawn a short space upon fact, or rather fancy, in order that I might state the space of time concerning which I shall speak, it being in round numbers, about four months short of five years, since I first set foot in the pleasant town, or rather *City*, of New London.

It may be as well to advertise the reader, that the sketches of the place which I purpose, and of matters and things pertaining to it, will, no doubt, be somewhat rambling and desultory; and will partake of a general character, although in some things it will be perhaps necessary, and even important that I descend to particulars. And this, especially, in what I may have to say of the Religious condition and influences of the place, as it is of these more particularly that I design to speak.

During my residence in New London, there were many considerations that conspired to make my situation pleasant, and agreeable, to myself and family; but as the bitter and the sweet seem everywhere mingled in the cup of mortality, if I shall occasionally touch a chord whose vibrations shall be to unpleasant tones, it will be, probably, because the frailties incident to said mortality, are witnessed in every place, though, unquestionably, not to the same degree in all places.

If, in my plan, it should become necessary to mention *names* in connection with the unpleasant circumstances, in a manner that may expose them to censure, it will be done with a sacred regard to truth, and an earnest desire for its promotion; and, if any are named in connection with the pleasing and agreeable, it will be because I rejoice to bear witness to the doings of those, who are found in the way of duty, and to express my gratitude for the aid they extended to me, in the work which it was given me to do in that city, and the smile of approval, and the substantial encouragement with which they cheered me on.

On the 20th of March, 1841, I made my first visit to New London, having been previously invited by letter to be present at the Dedication of the Church, then just completed by the Universalist Society in that city. I had arrived in Norwich on the evening previous, and on Wednesday morning, with a goodly number of devoted friends of our cause in Norwich, with Br. R. O. Williams, then their worthy Pastor, took place on board the beautiful little steamer Angelina, for a passage down the Thames, 14 miles to New London. The proximate approach to N. London, down the river, presents one of the grandest water views I ever beheld. There lies, stretched out before you, the broad and ample harbor, fringed, as it opens toward Long Island Sound, with its many and beautiful Islands; while its surging waters, pushed by the ever restless sea, seem like innumerable "things of life," as they leap, or lazily creep to the shore, as if anxious to escape the perpetual chafing of the wild world of waters!

While contemplating the vast and magnificent doings of the Almighty, without whose motive-power not a sea rolls its waves, you are forcibly reminded of the comparative insignificance of the loftiest and proudest doings of *man*, by the granite pile that rears its lofty summit on Groton Heights, just opposite to the City, in commemoration of the massacre of Ledyard and his men, in that desperate and unequal struggle which issued in the gift of a new and model republic to the world, and crowned with the wreath of everlasting fame, those who fought and fell, or survived, as participants in that conflict, that found the feeble colonies of the Western World, a handful of vassals to a trans-atlantic power, and left them "Free and Independent States." Great and glorious as were the deeds which men had thus performed, and proud as the monument that bore their inscription, still, however, it will be confessed, that weighed against the workings of the Infinite Mind, they are but as the small dust of the balance.

The city lies on the right bank of the Thames, as you descend the river, and about three miles from its debouchure into Long Island Sound. And, though at the time of which I speak, its general appearance, as you neared it, was not very prepossessing, in consequence of its inferior and time-worn buildings, giving it an antiquated, and somewhat dilapidated aspect, yet the beholder was struck with its admirable position, as a site for a city, unsurpassed, perhaps, by any in New England. At that time it contained, perhaps, five or six thousand inhabitants.

Here then, we landed, and found friends at the wharf waiting to receive us.

In due season we repaired to the Church, situated in the upper, or westerly part of the city, on an eminence overlooking the city and Sound, and presenting one of the most fine and commanding prospects which is met with in that region.

The Church itself, built of brick, whether for model, workmanship, or finish, is not only the most elegant building yet in the city, but scarcely, if at all surpassed by any in New England. It was, on the day above mentioned, given to God in solemn dedication, with appropriate religious services,—the sermon being preached by Rev. Asher Moore, of Philadelphia, who had some years previous preached the word of life in New London, to a body of believers, whose organization was subsequently broken up, by force of circumstances which I am unable to name. Previous to the dedication of the church, a new organization had been effected, and a little society of believers formed, earnest in resolve, and zealous of good works. They had indeed accomplished, in the erection of their new church, a work which none but the determined and devoted would have undertaken; and under circumstances which would have disheartened almost any effort, the day of spiritual joy had now dawned upon their hopes, as they for the first time passed its portals, and mingled their devotions at the altar of the Universal Father! T. J. GREENWOOD.

Dover, N. H., Nov. 1848.

Original.

GOD OUR FRIEND.

BY REV. A. CASE.

That individual who wilfully transgresses the commands of God, does not love Him as he ought; and, conscious of doing wrong, he imagines God is his enemy. When he has violated the law, he will doubtless wish to hide himself, and shun the presence of his Maker and Lawgiver. If the man loves God with all his heart, he will not willingly transgress, and when he does so, he erects a Dagon in his heart,—he loves sin better than God, and then he fears God as an enemy. But this is the result of ignorance, or the effect produced by sin. God is the Father and Friend of all, and he is not changed by our obedience or disobedience. He loves all His children, and cannot be their enemy. Man cannot change the infinite Creator. Ignorance of God may allow us to harbor fear, which hath torment, and the transgression of the command may produce the same fear; but "perfect love casteth out fear" of this nature, "for (such) fear hath torment; and he that feareth, is not made perfect in love." The reason is, he who exerci-

ses " perfect love " has full confidence in God, and fears not but He will do that which is best; and again, he loves God with all his heart, and will not wilfully disobey him. He fears most to sin before so good a Being, and lives confiding in His care, and obedient to His will. He is not harrassed with that fear which is consequent on ignorance of God, or a wilful disobedience of his law—he loves God and views Him as his eternal friend. Let us strive to know God, and we shall love Him, for " God is love," and when we know Him " we love Him, because He first loved us." We shall then regard him as a Friend, and be reconciled unto Him. Then shall we be dutiful children, and realize the truth of that record which declares' " There is no fear in love." We shall view God as our Friend, and be, ourselves, the friends of God.

Worcester, Mass.

Original.

TRUST IN GOD.

BY THE REV. NELSON BROWN.

My soul at last sweet peace has found;
God's grace has sent a holy rest;
Deeply I've drank of sorrow's cup,
But yet once more with hope I'm blest.
The clouds were dark, no star of hope
Seemed shining o'er my pilgrim path;
And as I bowed beneath each blow,
Methought that Heaven did smite in wrath.

Why should a God whose name is love,
Thus snatch away in early bloom
My loved and dearest ones on earth,
And seal them for the silent tomb?
Thus did I murmur and repine,
With sorrowing soul and bleeding heart;
Nor dared to hope the clouds of wo
Would e'en by Grace, or Faith depart.

Father, forgive my want of trust!
My very brain was seared with grief;
Father, I thank thee that, at last,
In pity thou didst give relief.
Father, I will repine no more;
I know thou doest all things well;
Oh, I will trust thee even yet,
And as of yore thy goodness tell.

* * * * * * *

A few short years, and all shall meet
Around thy throne—and we shall know
As we are known. There shall we see
The reason of each grief below.
Shine on, bright stars of Faith and Hope!
Telling of heavenly joys on high;
Father! I'll trust thee evermore,
Yet let thy helping Grace be nigh!

Eden Vale, Nov., 1848.

President Roberts, of Liberia, has negotiated a treaty with England and also with France—by both of which powers, his republic is now recognized.

Cheap Travel.—Such is the competition among the steamboats between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, that the fare has been reduced to $2,50 including meals.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER.—NO. XXII.

Interlaken, Switzerland,
August 13, 1848.

We left Lucerne on the 9th, at 5 A. M., for Fluelen, a small village situated at the furthermost point of the lake, and on the road to St. Gothard. The morning was beautiful, except the western sky was overcast. The sail over the mirror surface of this grandest of lakes was charming—perfectly enrapturing. Not a breath stirred a ripple, to disturb the reflection of the giant mountains which cast their deep shadows upon its quiet bosom. Every thing was hushed and thoughtful. The birds had sung their early matins, and were silent. The leaves stirred not. But our boat walked through this solemn grandeur " like a thing of life," and, passing close by some jutting points, our voices waked the echoes of the mountains.

We have no such waters in America. We are proud of our country, and boastful of its vastness, freedom, and prosperity. We prefer it to every other. But they *can* get up taller mountains, more romantic lakes, and deeper snows here in Switzerland, than we can make any pretensions to. We give it up. The lake of the Four Forest Cantons surpasses, by far, in beauty and grandeur, any waters I ever saw. Lake George loses by a comparison, and the famed pass of our Highlands must not be named, except for explanation. Its shores are more abrupt and lofty; its bays penetrate into deeper dells, and its windings are more sudden and surprising. What adds greatly to the beauty of the scenery, are the innumerable chalets perched upon the sides of all the mountains, in places apparently inaccessible to mortal foot, where the eagle could scarce find a spot to build her eyrie. Yet these cottages are tenanted by a race, hardy in endurance, though diminutive in stature, and unbeautiful in form and complexion. They sustain themselves upon the productions of the little patches of soil they find among the rocks, below the line where grains will not grow, and the goats which are pastured still higher up, towards the region of eternal frosts.

After several turns in the lake, each producing new and grander scenes, and making several landings, we came to the village of Brunnen, where the treaty was signed in 1315, between the Cantons of Schwytz, Uri, and Underwalden, and which resulted in the freedom of Switzerland. Not far up the opposite shore, is the spot where the three men, Werner Stauffacher, Erni An der Halden, and Walter Furst, pledged themselves, under the name of *Tells*, to vindicate the freedom of their country. And back of it is the meadow of Grutli, where the covenant was agreed to, by the people of these cantons. Another turn brings us into a scene peculiarly rugged and wild.

" And we hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where *Tell* directed the avenging dart,
With well strung arm that first preserved his child,
Then winged the arrow to the tyrant's heart."

A little open portico of two arches, and some rude frescos, constitute the famed " Tell Chapel," built upon the rock where Tell leaped ashore and escaped from the boat, in which Gessler was carrying him to prison, from Altorf to Kusnacht. The story runs thus: The Emperor of Austria had resolved to conquer all Switzerland, for a patrimony for his youngest son. He had succeeded in several cantons, and had sent baillies to make exactions, and governers to rule the people. The most rapacious of these was Gessler, whose castle was

the scene of the greatest barbarities. The people becoming much dissatisfied, held meetings of remonstrance. In 1307, Gessler, to show his authority, came to Altorf, the very heart of the disaffections, and there treated the people most insultingly. He placed his hat upon a pole in the market place, and commanded the people, as they passed, to bow to it. Many did so. "William Tell" refused. In vengeance the tyrant commanded Tell's youngest son to be tied to a tree, and an apple placed on his head, which the wretched father was compelled to shoot off with his cross-bow. He succeeded. The tyrant demanded why he had another arrow. "To have killed you, had I killed my son," was his bold reply. The bailiff ordered him to be seized and bound, and conveyed by boat to his own castle. A sudden storm, such as those lakes are subject to, arose, which so alarmed them that orders were given to unloose Tell, who was an excellent sailor, and give the boat in his charge. As he passed the spot where that chapel stands, he came so near that he sprang on shore, kicking the boat from him, and so escaped. Hence the name, *Tellensprung*.

On the opposite shore is seen the Frohn Alps Rock, where, in 1801, a large mass of rock fell into the lake with so much force, that the recoiling waves swept over the valley, destroying houses, barns and mills, and eleven persons. The shock was felt at Lucerne, seven leagues distant.

Fluelen, where we landed, is a small town, the port of Altorf, and the place of the trans-shipment of passengers and goods from Italy to Northern Switzerland and Germany, and vice versa. The moment our boat touched we were beset by numerous volunteers who desired to serve us in any way we might command. We could almost imagine ourselves at a steamboat wharf in New York, only we saw no cards twisted into the whips. Arrangement was soon made for two voitures to convey us to the Hopital, and we started. After a mile or so, we passed through Altorf, a town of fame, if not of beauty. Here is Tell's tower, preserved by the French, Austrians, and Russians, though most of the town was ruined by them. On the outside are several coarse frescoes, representing the story of Tell and his son. It stands near the lime-tree to which the boy was tied. Near it is a public fountain. Opposite is another where the father stood to shoot at the apple. Two miles off the main road is the village of Burglen, where Tell lived, and where he was drowned, in old age, in attempting to save a child.

We were now on one of the great routes across the Alps. The road is a magnificent affair, a splendid sample of civil engineering. The road follows the Reuss, which it crosses several times, on firm bridges of heavy stone, sometimes at an elevation of 90 feet. The ascent is very regular, winding and changing to escape steep ascents. There are no descents till the summit is reached. Every part of the road is graded as well as any rail road, and most thoroughly Macadamized. Every part of it is kept in most excellent condition.

We wound up the valley at a laborious rate, compelled to go a considerable of the way on foot, to relieve the horses. Hiring a team to help one go a-foot up these mountains is not very profitable. Habitations, clustered into small villages, are studded along the valley, and may be occasionally seen peering from the rocky cliffs far above us, with here and there a white spire with a cross upon it. Passing one of these hamlets, a woman came running along side of our carriage. Soon, she took up a large stone under one arm, and then another, and on she ran ahead of us. Soon others came out, and children, each catching up a stone, and rushing on. At length the road turned over the bridge, which is very high above the water. The carriages stopped, and one after another the stones were thrown down the fearful chasm, each performer ambitious to make as terrible a *splashing as possible* for our entertainment. The performance, of course, deserved a few *batz?* The place is called "*Kracken Thal*,"—resounding valley.

We now came into the region of clouds, and a cold, damp fog enshrouded us, and at times obscured our view. We passed through a heavy stone arch upon which several men were at work, which is built to protect the road from the avalanches which have several times carried it into the foaming river a hundred feet below. It is so constructed that the descending masses will slide over this tunnel, and fall into the abyss. It is a strong and formidable work, defying the crash of the falling avalanches of snow and massive rocks, which are annually precipitated over it.

A little farther up, turn, up—turn, up—up—we came to the "Teufel's Brucke," Devil's Bridge, and crossed the foaming river over a single stone arch at a height of 75 feet, the water tumbling down a cataract, just above, of a most sublime and terrific character. The smooth rock on one side rises perpendicularly to a height so lofty that the clouds obscured the top. A wilder and more awful scenery cannot be imagined. One feels that he has passed the abodes of human beings, for he has seen none for miles, and there is no place for them here. Full of this gloomy thought, we seated ourselves in our carriage, after a long walk, and rode on. Suddenly, we found ourselves in a subterranean passage through a rock, with scarce the light of day to show us where we were. Immediately on emerging from this cavern, we burst into the lovely and luxuriant valley of Urseren, passing Andermot, much to the dislike of mine host of the "Dreg Konige," and stopped at the Hopital, at the 'Leon d'Or.' The effect of this sudden change was wonderful on our feelings.

After dinner, and considerable consultation, three of the party resolved to ascend, on foot, to St. Gothard, 7 miles, that night, notwithstanding the landlord and guide assured us most solemnly and disinterestedly (?) we could not be lodged there. American courage is not easily daunted. Half way up, the guide labored hard to dissuade us from proceeding. We had resolved—so he pretended he could take us by a cross route quicker, intending, as it proved, to run us into such difficulty that we should be glad to back out. I kept the road and trudged on alone. It began to grow dark, and not a soul had I seen. I called aloud, but no one answered. The torrent made more noise than I could. I could not see three rods before me. By and by, I passed the small stream which came from the mountain on one side, and I *guessed* I was approaching the summit. Soon I heard the strokes of a man breaking stones by the side of the road. Commanding such German words as I could, I learned that *ein halp stunden* would bring me to the Hospice. I jogged on, lonely enough, but it was too late to return. I reached the top, for I felt by my feet the road *went down*, and my knees threatened, at first, to give out Just then the clouds broke, and I could see the top of Mt. St. Gothard, and the yellow folds of clouds lying over the vale beyond. The last rays of light were shining on them. The new moon appeared just above the gauzy veil of passing vapor that still hung about where I was. A few rods further, with a little pond on each side of the road, whose waters murmur sullenly at the whiffling breeze, and I came to a large building looking like a stable, the upper part being occupied as a house. Two boys by the door put packs of wood on their backs and started off. They could not understand me. I crossed the road and went into the Hospice and through the second story, but could raise no one. Coming out of the door I saw a little girl passing towards the pond. I now resolved to do my best. I inquired, *spra-*

ken sie Deutsche? She looked at me, but said not a word *Parlez vous Francais?* Not a word. Are you a fool. thought I. *Well, do you speak English?* She looked up and said, in a soft and musical tone of voice I had never heard, "ITALIANO," and away she skipped towards the water. I felt sad, like a foreigner—a stranger, alone in a strange land. I waited till she came back, and then followed her a few rods to a dirty, dark stone hut, and entered. A fire was burning on the ground floor, and several children, dirty and half naked, were about it. A woman commenced jabbering in an unknown tongue, in answer to my question about a *Hotel*, the only word I could understand, and probably she knew none other of mine. I crossed back to the building I was at first, ascended a flight of coarse, broad stone steps, and found a light. Here, for the first time, I felt thankful for the knowledge of French I possessed, for no other language would serve us—the keeper could understand some words, enough to give me some bread and milk and secure me a bed. But, on going into a sort of sitting-smoking-drinking-room, I saw some of the hardest looking customers I ever met. But I was soon relieved by the coming up of my companions, who were tired enough of the *short*, cross route of our guide.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

SCATTERED THOUGHTS.

GRUMBLERS.—Why do people grumble and find fault with so many things? There is no need of it. What can be helped they should not grumble about, but go to work and correct. What cannot be helped, they should submit to, for grumbling in such cases is all in vain; it can do nobody any good.

TATTLERS.—It is wonderful how some people find out so much about other people's business, when they know so little of their own; how they comprehend all another thinks, and *means*, and does, that is wrong, while they understand so little of the real condition of their own minds and hearts. Is it possible there can be pleasure in retailing the faults of another? or in what is more common, passing off suspicions for facts, to the injury of a brother, a friend, a fellow-mortal, in the opinion of one he may highly esteem? A mind must be strangely perverted which will be guilty of such injustice, such inhumanity.

If one discovers evil in another, to him, first of all, should the information be carried. He is most concerned to know it. If he refuses to hear it, unless others are to suffer, keep it in thy own bosom. No good will come of it if told to others, only you will make yourself known as a tattler, a busybody in other men's matters. Besides, sometimes vast mischief is done which involves the relator in much trouble, from which he may find it difficult to extricate himself. If no good can be said of a man, it is best not to have him in all our thoughts. He will fill a place which might better be occupied with a lovelier subject.

GENTLE WORDS.—The good influence of gentle words is most astonishing. They perate homœeopthically. When in ever so small doses, if fitly spoken, they are sure to operate specifically, and sooner or later effect a radical cure. It is because there is good in every heart. Let a man be in ever so great an inflammation of passion, excited by another, a counter-irritant. Apply to him soft and soothing words; and you will see the fever abate, the system become calm, and cool, while judgment returns to the administration of justice and goodness. The experiment is worth a trial. If success fail in a few cases, no other remedy should ever be applied, for opposites never agree.

ANGER.—The Apostle exhorts, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." It is difficult to understand the framework of a mind which retains an old grudge for years, and always spits out some of its venom whenever an object, unlike itself, for which it has no affection, approaches it. It is easy enough to see how a mind, in an unguarded moment, may become angry, and give vent to the bitterest passion. That is all natural enough, and is easily forgiven. The cool, tranquil twilight of reflection allays the excitement, and the cicitrization is so sudden and complete that scarce a scar is left on the surface of such a soul. But a man who lies down, and rises up, and walks about among the beautiful works of God, year in and year out, retaining his anger, is one of those unaccountable beings which come under the appellation of *lusus naturæ*. The analysis of such unfortunate minds has never been accomplished. It never can be, but by Him who made it.

ENVY.—Of all the afflictions that befall poor humanity, an envious disposition is among the greatest. It destroys all inward peace and poisons the very cup of luxury. It built the gallows of Haman and hung the envious builder on it. It makes a man suffer all that he thinks another secure from, and allows him no space for repentance. It permits him no relaxation. Prosperity and honor avail nothing so long as Mordecai sits at the king's gate.

ADMIRATION.—Admiration is a very different attribute. It looks with approval and gladness upon whatever is successful and praiseworthy in another, and so shows something of the light in which such an one is enshrouded. In this way the darkness of his own misfortunes is, in a measure, dispelled, and he rejoices in his deliverance, real or imaginary, from them. What an easy thing it is for a good man to let another share in his blessings. But to the envious no good can be imparted. Envy, like the demons in the Gospels, must come out of him, and go into the swine, before he can be clothed and in his right mind.

FORGIVENESS.—*Forgiveness* means to send away, to dismiss, blot out, or obliterate. The forgiveness of sin consists in washing away sin, the disposition, the habit and all the evils of sin, and thus restoring one to his former position before he fell. But it is seen that until such impure desires are cleansed, the stain must remain.

Now we are required to "forgive as we hope to be forgiven;" for "if we from our hearts forgive not men their trespasses, how can God forgive us?" He cannot, for until we cherish the spirit of forgiveness towards others, we are not in a condition to show the benefits of divine forgiveness in ourselves.

We should also remember that if we would receive the benefits of human or divine forgiveness, we must correct every disposition to evil. Every exhibition of kindness to us, so long as we feel ourselves unworthy of it, and hostility to him who shows it, but increases our wretchedness. Our sins must be washed away and we must become reconciled to God and our brother before we can be at rest. Then, having tasted the sweets of forgiveness, we can cheerfully exercise its spirit and extend its blessings to others.

W. S. B.

The new Mexican Minister to the United States is a very accomplished man, free from bigotry, and well versed in American literature.

"UNIVERSALISM RENOUNCED."

Our attention has been called to an article under the above title, in "The Preacher," an Orthodox paper published at Pittsburgh. It is copied from the "Richland Jeffersonian," and purports to be from an old man just ready to die; though, from a sentence in it, we suspect, he did no more than sign it. Probably another and more designing wrote it for him. It is signed Thomas Lofland, though neither *place* nor *date* is given. We publish enough of it for our readers to see how some have been *deceived* by a *false hope*, and to what fatal consequences such deception leads.

"I was for about twenty-five years a Universalist, according to the strictest sense of that term; but, nevertheless, (as many of my fellow citizens in this town can very well testify,) I lived a wicked and unprofitable life of skepticism and wilful infidelity; and I can now testify that it is of God's grace alone that I have not been left to perish in my sin.

I am perfectly satisfied that without holiness of heart, no man can be saved, and that whilst those only who are regenerated, and sanctified by the spirit of God, will be rewarded with everlasting happiness in Heaven; the finally impenitent and ungodly will be endlessly punished in hell. And now, in view of the truth of this doctrine, of my accountability to God, of the mighty work of grace which I trust, he hath wrought in me, whereby I am made to rejoice in the hope of eternal felicity, and in view of my duty to my fellow men, I do most solemnly renounce the doctrine of Universal Salvation, as a device of the Devil, and as having no foundation in the Sacred Scriptures. I regret exceedingly that I have done so little for the cause of Christ during my past life; but now being set free from such an awful delusion, as that under which every Universalist labors, I thank God that I have sufficient strength yet to raise my trembling hand and affix my name to this document, the truth of which, I trust, may be wafted on many a breeze, and be the means of delivering many souls from the power of Satan. And especially to my friends of the faith of Universalism, would I say, I am fully persuaded that your religion will never save a soul from the pains of hell."

It is very rare that we see more falsehood and contradiction in so short a space. We wonder the writer, who seems to be aware of his "accountability," did not exercise more modesty and a better judgment, and so forbear such a slander upon others and disgrace upon himself. Just look at this sentence: "I was for about twenty-five years a Universalist according to the *strictest sense* of that term, but, nevertheless, I lived a wicked and unprofitable life of *skepticism* and *wilful infidelity*." This is the kind of Universalists which get converted—men who have added to their other sins by their hypocrisies, claiming to have been Universalists, when they were "wilful Infidels." But they are made so by our opposers, who preach and write that Universalists are infidels. Liking the name better, by a change of the rule, the old man thought Infidels were Universalists, and so he has been led into the darkness so far as to slander a denomination of Christians of whose doctrine, it is manifest, he never had any knowledge.

He says: "I am perfectly satisfied that without holiness of heart no man can be saved." Every Universalist is satisfied of the same truth. It is a cardinal point in our system, that universal holiness must precede universal *salvation*; that, so long as there is sin, there must be misery. It is important that this fact should be understood before any one undertakes to renounce the doctrine.

It is curious to see what a mistake people make when they assert that Universalism is "a device of the devil." The old Serpent never had it in his thought to *save a single soul*, much less did he ever think of saving *all men*. He is not so careless of his own comfort and honor, as to "devise" a deliverance of all men out of his realm, not retaining a single soul to amuse himself in tantalizing, through his long night of eternity. No, no; the other doctrine, which awards him, by "final judgment," a large portion of mankind, looks much more like a "device" of his; a doctrine far more agreeable to him.

We like the spirit of the old man very much, and have no doubt he felt so much kindness for his "friends of the faith of Universalism" that he would do all in his power to save them, by making them believe the truth. We believe that God is better than he, that all power, and all the means and times of applying it are in his own hand, and he will do all things well. We are glad the old man prayed for us. It shows the goodness of his heart. We hope he did not sin, by praying "without faith."

We always dislike to mar our columns with such notices as these. But these are the weapons by which the citadel of our faith is assailed, at the present time, and as watchmen on the walls we cannot do less than wipe the poison from their arrows and lay them by as relics for future generations to look upon.

W. S. B.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We feel thankful for the kind notices which some of our brethren have been pleased to take of our labors. It is somewhat customary for brother editors to make each other a bow at the beginning of a new volume, and we like the custom. It keeps up a friendly feeling, and serves to cement the fraternity more closely together.

Br. Cobb gives us the following greeting:—

"The New York Christian Messenger has entered upon a new volume, under the care of the same faithful and able trio, Skinner, Balch & Bulkeley. With such an array of talent and reputation at its head, it must be built up. It is an able and brotherly co-worker, and here's a renewal of our cordial fellowship."

The New Covenant says:—

"NEW YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.—The Messenger has just entered upon a new volume, being the eighteenth, and is conducted by Brs. Balch, Skinner and Bulkeley. We read the Messenger with much satisfaction, and regard it as one of our best papers. And why should it not be? Its editors are popular and talented preachers, and it has many excellent correspondents.

The Christian Ambassador is also published by the same brethren, containing all the religious and literary articles of the Messenger, in a handsome form for binding. The Messenger is published for two dollars a year—the Ambassador for two dollars and fifty cents. Office, 140 Fulton-st., N. Y."

The Gospel Banner says:—

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.—A new volume of the N. Y. Christian Messenger has been commenced, and makes a respectable appearance. It is conducted by Brs. Bulkeley, Skinner and Balch in a gentlemanly and dignified manner. Certainly it is a better paper than it was before it came into the hands of its present proprietors. The Messenger is a full open sheet, published weekly at $2 00 per year."

FAIR IN WILLIAMSBURGH.

The Ladies of the Universalist Society in Williamsburgh, will hold a Fair at the Williamsburgh Garden, on the afternoon and evening of Thursday next, the 14th instant, for the benefit of their Society. Tickets of admission 25 cents. The Saloon in which the Fair will be held is on First-street, at the foot of South-eighth, near the Peck Slip Ferry, not far from the Grand-street Ferry: and it is hoped that our friends in the city and neighborhood will be present on the occasion. The ladies are doing their best to render it attractive, and will offer for sale a large variety of fancy and useful articles, among which will be many suitable for holiday presents; also, refreshments of various kinds.

NOT THAT WE LOVED GOD.

St. John, in speaking of God's love, says: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." From this language we learn that God's love for us is not dependent on our love for him. At the birth of Jesus men were in love with everything but God. They loved idols which their own hands had made, and set up for human adoration. They loved earthly pomp, and grandeur, and glory, and would sacrifice on the shrine of these, all the comforts of life; they loved those things, which ministered to the gratification of their unholy passions. But for God, the high and holy one, that inhabits eternity, they had no love, no reverence, no gratitude. Now to man in this condition, God's love flowed in free and rich abundance.

In how many thousands of ways is God's love manifested before we are capable of loving him as we ought. It is he that provides kind friends to watch over us in our infancy; to feed, and clothe, and protect us before capable of expressing our wants. It is he that gives us those religious opportunities and mercies, by which we are guarded from sin, and educated in religion. It is he that opens to the nations the light of his own infinite benignity; that surrounds them with spiritual influences; and that builds up on every side a high wall of defence, so that actual effort and pains-taking are necessary to get over the barriers by which we are guarded. Thus in the natural and spiritual world, God is constantly manifesting his love to those who have no love for him. Were it otherwise—did he only love those who love him—the infant would not be protected a single day after ushered into being; the work of moral and spiritual improvement would never advance another step. And yet how common is the doctrine, that God will not love us, till we love him! But nothing in existence can be further from the truth. You might as well say: First make the plant grow, and then God will give you soil to support it; rain and dew to refresh it, and the sun to warm and invigorate it; when the truth is, the soil, the moisture, and the heat are all requisite to the first starting of the plant.

The Apostle says, "Love is of God." Now if we must first love, where are we to obtain the love which is to draw forth that of Deity? We have not that little love which is necessary to start the stream, that is to flow out to us in fullness and power. The Apostle also says: "Not that we loved God." Hence, unless God loves us before we love him, love to him would be an utter impossibility. O. A. S.

LOVE TO ENEMIES.

The Bible explicitly enjoins the duty of loving enemies. A compliance with this high and holy requisition is something more than not rendering wrong for wrong; it is cherishing the kindest of feelings, and seeking to do an enemy all the good we can. Do not say that this would be giving the enemy an advantage over you, placing yourself in his hands, and favoring him with opportunity to execute his plans for your destruction; for love to enemies requires nothing incompatible with a defence of our rights.

While God maintains his honor, and deals on the principles of strict justice, he shows favors to the evil, and seeks to win them from sin by kindness and love.

This is the course we must pursue—we can do good to our greatest enemy, and show him, in every possible way, that while we will not submit to injustice and oppression, we have none but christian feelings, and stand ready to forgive, and do him any favor within our power. O. A. S.

REV. W. R. CHAMBERLIN.

This zealous and faithful minister, who has labored for a year or two past in Dighton, Mass., has removed to Abingdon, Va. He is a truly worthy man, and we rejoice that the friends in Virginia are so fortunate in having a man of so much worth among them. In a letter to Br. Francis of Utica, N. Y., published in the Magazine and Advocate, he says:—

"At Winchester, Va., I took the stage for Abingdon, 320 miles. I started at 4 P. M. and drove without stopping, only to change horses and eat, till Wednesday morning. At that time I reached the Natural Bridge, which, like Niagara Falls, must be seen to be appreciated. My description of it would probably add nothing to your stock of knowledge, so I pass on. I tarried at the Bridge two days; preached in a church there on the afternoon of the 5th of October, the first Universalist sermon that had ever been heard in that region. Some were anxious to hear, but were afraid to go, because of a tract pedlar who happened along just then. I had an audience of 22, much larger I am told than the Methodist could have got out at the same time. The next morning, Friday, Oct. 6, I started again, and arrived here the following Monday morning at breakfast. It is the prettiest place I have seen in Virginia. The *people* know nothing at all of Universalism. There are three Methodist preachers, one Presbyterian, and one Episcopalian, and a Swedenborgian church is now being erected. The Episcopalian seldom preaches to more than twelve hearers. The Methodists and Presbyterians are at swords' points, and the people are tired of quarrelling. Their churches are fast losing their influence. They are all jealous of me. Not a door could be found open for a meeting for me till I had been here two weeks; a week ago yesterday I preached in an old log school house, into which sixty can crowd. In the morning I had thirty-seven, afternoon forty-seven. Yesterday the room was crowded; people came from all directions, and many went away without being able to get in. This log school house must be my church until I have one built. I have had several men come in from seven miles in the country, on purpose to see me, and ask when I could come out there to hold a meeting, and the other day a message came eighty miles for me to g to preach. I have spoken about the formation of a Society some time hence; I think the prospect is good. Much effort is made to counteract the influence of the doctrine I preach. So far as I can learn the people are pleased with my *modus operandi*."

REV. D. H. PLUMB.

We learn, says the Trumpet, that Rev. D. H. Plumb closed his labors with his congregation in this city on Sunday last. He expressed his fears of the influence of the rationalistic views, and mentioned some things which seemed objectionable in his mind to the theory as a whole. We apprehend that he is in a very unsettled state in regard to what is truth; and he probably would not at present express an opinion as to the matters of inspiration and miracles. Should we learn any farther in regard to his investigations, we will very cheerfully communicate it to the public.

BR. O. W. BACON.

Br. O. W. Bacon, having removed from Leverett to Brewster, Mass. desires to be addressed accordingly. He takes the pastoral charge of the Universalist society in the latter place.

BR. A. HUTCHINGS.

Br. Amos Hutchings, says the *Banner*, has removed from St. David's Parish, N. B., to Addison, Me.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

We cheerfully give place to the following correction of a statement which was published in our paper of the 18th ult. We take occasion further to say, in reply to a correspondent of a more recent date, that it was by no means our intention in the remarks which we offered, to reflect upon the management of the affairs of the Lombard-street Society, while in charge of their late pastor—Rev. A. Moore, now of Hightstown, N. J. We have seen no reason to change the opinion we have expressed in regard to his character and services, and which was embodied in the highly complimentary resolutions passed by the society, and published in this paper at the time of his leaving it. Our remarks, to do us justice, should be understood with reference to the affairs of the Kensington Society, of which we were speaking.

KENSINGTON CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

An extract of a letter from a friend in Kensington was recently published in the Messenger—in which greater credit is asssigned to me than I deserve—or rather, *less credit* is assigned to *others* than they richly merit.

It is certainly true that the Kensington Society was in a very low state when I volunteered an interest in its behalf. The friends were disheartened, and all hope was abandoned of being released from its pecuniary embarrassments, unless by long years of privation and labor. By preaching to them an old-fashioned Gospel sermon, and stirring them into courageous action by various considerations, they went vigorously to work on plans of my suggestion. Promising to raise and pay for them THE LAST *two hundred* dollars of their debt, they pledged themselves to raise THE FIRST *nine hundred*, and this they have accomplished.

Through my direct agency, Br. J. W. McMaster, late of Pottsville, agreed to preach and labor for them half the time until January 1st—working for nothing and finding himself! Mainly through *his* diligence, *their* portion of the debt has been raised; and I hope he will be settled permanently as pastor of a Society for which he has done so much.

Several of the members deserve commendation for their large liberality in making up the required sum. Indeed, I may say, that, with few exceptions, the friends have been very generous in their contributions—for the society is small.

I feel it a duty, also, to recognize with gratitude the zeal and labors of Br. Charles Tomlinson, a young lay member of my society, now studying for the ministry, who preached every Sunday for two months in the Kensington Church, besides attending to the Sabbath School; and for the past six weeks has alternated with Br. McMaster as the preacher—all for the love of the cause.

Brother editors who copied the Messenger's previous article, will give credit where it belongs, by inserting the preceding paragraphs. A. C. T.

THE EASTERN HARP.

This is a collection of tunes and hymns, original and selected, for the use of Sabbath Schools. The Author, Br. J. Boyden, Jr., is one of our best ministers and most able preachers, and has the reputation of being a good musician. Judging from a hasty perusal, we think he has performed well the work which he undertook. Many of the tunes we know, and they are among the best we ever heard. The hymns are very pretty, though we think not particularly appropriate to Sabbath Schools. They appear to us more suitable for conference meetings than for the gathering of children. J. M. Usher publisher.

BOOKS FOR FRANCE.

TO OUR BRETHREN :—While in France I formed an acquaintance with several distinguished clergymen of the Reformed Church, who are Universalists. With a few exceptions they had no knowledge of us as a denomination, and had never seen or heard of any works written expressly in defence of the doctrine of Universal Salvation. I could hear of but one copy of "Petit-Pierre on Divine Goodness," a work originally written in the French language; that is in the library of a clergyman at Rouen.

In our conversations I remarked that we had many works defending that system of faith as held in this country, and that, on my return, I would invite the publishers of them to make up a package and forward to them, that they might have a better knowledge of us and our views. They were much delighted at the idea, assuring me that they should receive, with much gratitude, whatever the brethren in America should be pleased to send them, and would see that they were placed in a position to be examined by such as desired information upon the subjects upon which they might treat.

We have in preparation such a package, and desire to add to it as many works as our brethren are pleased to send us; books, pamphlets, or tracts. It would be well to make up duplicate or triple sets; one for Paris, and another for the South of France, say Lyons, where the largest proportion of liberal Protestants reside. It would be well to forward tracts and pamphlets for more general distribution among such as can read the English language.

We want to have the bundle ready as soon as our brethren can conveniently send in their donations. It will be forwarded by Steamer or by Packet to Mr Coquerell, or his publisher, Mr. Cherbuliez in Paris, as soon as posible.

It seems to me much good may be done in this way. While at Giesen, Dr. Credner showed me some of our American works which he prized very highly. Their authors and publishers, and the denomination had in this way become better known to him. A similar good effect may result from sending a few works to France. There is a strong feeling of sympathy politically between that country and this, and there ought to be and may be religiously, with a proper cultivation on our part.

Will our editors and publishers think of this matter and let me know their conclusions? W. S. B.

MOSES Y. BEACH, AND THE NEW YORK SUN.

Moses Y. Beach, Esq., has retired from the New York Sun; and is to be succeeded by his sons, Moses S. and Alfred E., men experience and ability, who will no doubt make good the place their father. On his retirement from the station he had so long occupied, Mr. Beach gave a Farewell Dinner to his brethren of the press. The occasion was very pleasant and a large number of editors and publishers were present. Speeches were made by Mr. Beach, by his son Moses S. Beach, Major Noah, H. Greeley, Mr. Brooks, C. D. Stuart, T. Darcy McGee, W. G. Clark, and several others. An excellent feeling prevailed, and it seemed to be the general opinion that editors looked much better in the interchange of social civilities, than when engaged in newspaper fights. Mr. Beach established the first penny paper in this country about fourteen years ago. He has proved himself a man of eminent business talents. No paper in the country has a circulation equal to the Sun. He retires with the esteem of the whole editorial fraternity. We regret that our engagements prevented our attending the dinner. We see that the workmen connected with the Sun, propose to present Mr. Beach with a splendid silver pitcher.

DEAD SOCIETIES.

In all denominations, Societies which have been strong and flourishing, run down and suspend their efforts for the promotion of the Gospel. This is owing to a variety of causes. Sometimes the business that has called great numbers of people to a place fails, and in consequence, such numbers may leave as to break up a strong Society. Sometimes death may cut down pillar after pillar in a Society, till the last one is gone.—Sometimes divisions destroy a Society, and sometimes moral death does the work. In all denominations, societies die from all these causes. The following instance, we give from the Christian Advocate:

METHODIST MEETING-HOUSE.—"Methodism has a sad relict in Andover, in a meeting-house standing on the same street, and just under the shadow of the Theological Seminary, empty, dilapidated, and desolate. The Church, once thriving and promising, as any in the country of the same age, is now utterly extinct, not so much as a single class remaining. What has done it? Nothing but what Dr. Bond called radical-abolitionism.—Why don't they sell it? Nobody likes to purchase it, as the deed gives the M. E. Church in some manner a claim to it; and there it stands, for all the theological students and academical scholars to comment upon. But the principal inhabitants there are too much enlightened to regard it as a sign of the destiny of Methodism; and I have never heard a single unpleasant insinuation in respect to it. I wish it would take fire and burn up; for I doubt if it will ever do anybody any good. The Wesleyans tried last to make something of it, but it was of no avail. So much comes of contentions among brethren."

SIMPLICITY IN PREACHING.

The last Christian Advocate has the following admirable remarks on preaching, which we beg to commend to the notice of both ministers and people. There are some whose object in preaching, seems to be to make a fine display—an exhibition of their splendid powers of imagination. Such do but little good. They may please the fancy for a while; but they make no deep impression, they enforce no great duties, they do not establish their people in the faith of the Gospel.

"As to the *manner* of preaching, I cannot but recommend *simplicity*. Most of our hearers are plain people, and are most edified when addressed in a plain style and manner. Simplicity in the arrangement of a discourse, and in the choice of words, will enable them better to understand, and longer to remember, what we say to them. And I suppose it will readily be admitted that what people understand best, and remember the longest, they will be most likely to practice. And surely if it be our desire that our preaching should have a practical influence on our hearers, we should take the most likely course to secure this object.

An affected and lofty style, the use of great and uncommon words, that not one in ten understands, may make a certain class of hearers think we are great men, because they cannot understand us; but persons of good sense will perceive that we are aiming at something beyond our reach, and will think none the better of us. Our vain ambition and pride will be easily discovered. Great swelling words and mighty flights of oratory, especially if they come from minds not remarkable for brilliancy or strength, are always exceedingly disgusting to persons of good sense."

REV. B. W. TINGLEY.

We learn from the *Banner* that this young and devoted brother in the ministry has entered into an engagement to preach in Andover, Me. May his labors be abundantly blessed in the up building of Zion.

FAIR AND FESTIVAL OF THE UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY, BROOKLYN.

The following account of the Festival of Bro. Thayer's Society in Brooklyn, is taken from the Brooklyn Eagle. It was truly a brilliant affair, and one of the very best gatherings we have ever known. Besides the speakers alluded to, Rev. Mr. Farley, of the Unitarian Church, made some very appropriate and acceptable remarks, which those who could get near enough, listened to with great attention. On Tuesday night, Rev. Mr. Chapin made one of the most effective addresses we ever heard from him on such an occasion. The Band of the North Carolina did ample justice to their reputation for excellent music; and altogether the Fair and Festival went off in first rate style. The receipts will probably exceed $1200, which is a token of the success attending the labors of the ladies of the Brooklyn Society, and the reward they have won.

"LAST NIGHT.—There were two principal attractions in the 'city of churches' last night. Wilson, the inimitable warbler of Scottish ballads, held his court at the Female Academy, and had a very fair house. We have not seen him before in some eight or nine years. He has grown older and stouter; but his voice is the same. He was most enthusiastically applauded, and in his performance did no discredit to his great reputation.

The other attraction was the great festival of the Universalist society at Montague Hall. We believe that this gathering surpassed the expectations of everybody. During the whole of the preceding day the fair had been well attended, and a very large amount of *fixins* had been sold—young men and maidens, old men and children accommodated with poetry, books, pictures, wit, anecdotes, lotteries, letters and love, but the taste had by no means been cloyed. In the evening was to be the festival, and five splendid tables had been prepared, loaded with delicacies to eat, while the fair maidens still kept their market open for the sale of all manner of pretty things, themselves included.

At nine o'clock the great room was completely thronged, and all manner of mischief was going on in the dominions of Cupid. One of the clergymen well observed that ministers liked to see it, for it was sure to make work for them. We observed that Mr. Thayer got some compliments over the left in regard to his having a *single* eye to the good of his people, and his peculiar *singleness of heart*. He took it very coolly, however, and moved about apparently quite unconscious that he was in the fair or in the hearts of the fair. Some others however did not appear to be so indifferent. Every word and action seemed to say:

My heart to you is given,
Oh do give yours to me;
We'll lock them up together,
And throw away the key.

We should say that the number of persons, who came and went during the evening, could not be much less than two thousand. The tables were swept clean, and a famine would have ensued had not a fresh supply been at hand. In the course of the evening several speeches were made by the clergymen present. We heard two during our brief sojourn, one from Rev. Mr. Skinner of New York and the other from the Rev. J. Pierpont, Unitarian, of Troy, formerly of Boston. We hear this morning that the festival was in the full tide of 'successful experiment' at one o'clock, A. M. We rejoice that our friends of this society have been so successful in eliciting public sympathy. Their Church was consumed by the great fire, but another will, we trust, be built in a more eligible situation, and their apparent misfortune prove to be a real advantage. The avails of the fair are to aid in this work, and we were pleased to see many from other religious denominations present last evening.

PREACHING TERROR.

It is well known to the reader that the present age is somewhat remarkable for what is called "liberal preaching." By this it is understood that a change has come over the style of preaching, the means of converting sinners, and the views of men with regard to the best and most effectual way of enforcing the truths of the Gospel. The time has been when a preacher would be considered a heretic or a lunatic who should attempt to reclaim wicked men from error, or win them to the embrace of Christian truth, without employing the threats of everlasting perdition. Who could hope for a revival without preaching terror? Who could look for additions to the church unless her children mourned in sackcloth and ashes, and her ministers put on the robes of terrible majesty?

We are reminded in various ways of the evident change which time has made in our popular theology. The writers and preachers of the present day are not what their predecessors were. "Hell torments" are not the machinery by which the church expects to propel the car of truth forward to the time of millennial glory. The preaching of eternal fire is not regarded by the more enlightened and learned divines and writers of the present age, as the best and surest means of promoting the Gospel of peace and love. We took up a book the other day written by a "member of the Philadelphia Bar," and while there is enough in it to convince the reader that the author is what Dr. Ely would call "orthodox up to the hub," yet in one place the truth comes out so plain and frank that its beauty and simplicity seemed the more apparent and sublime from its being mingled with error. "Truly it is a pleasant thing to see the sun," and peculiarly so when he bursts forth from the darksome storm and the dense clouds.

The writer says: "The minister who presents the precepts of religion with all the ardor of heavenly love and affection, instead of pouring upon his hearers a stream of fire and brimstone, does more to restrain vice, reclaim the wicked, and evangelize the world, than one who deals out terror and vengeance like a volcano. Simple truth in its native dress, is more fascinating than when decked by the ornaments of men."

Now, reader, is not this just what we as a denomination have long been striving for? to "restrain vice," reclaim the wicked, and "evangelize the world" by presenting the truths of our holy religion with affectionate ardor and Christian zeal, without pouring out a deluge of "fire and brimstone?" Such are the books, and such is the preaching of the present day, contrasted with those of the past. If we are styled heretics and unbelievers for advocating such principles—that it is *love*, not *fear*, which will reclaim and save the world—our defence is, we are in excellent company. As much as we deplore wickedness, however true it is that sin alarmingly prevails in all its Protean forms, it is a fact which the world is fast coming to concede, that love and mildness exert a far greater and more beneficial influence than the vengeful "stream of fire and brimstone." To gain the love even of bad men, we must show that we have a love for them. If we do not gain the respect and love of those whom we wish to reclaim, the success of our efforts to save them is hopeless. Perhaps we are wrong in drawing the inference from the above extract that the author regards "a stream of fire and brimstone" as one of "the ornaments of men,' still we regard it as a righteous reproof to that class of ministers who preach more of terror than of love. Dr. Adam Clarke has well said, "Love *attracts*, and fear *repels*: where the *terror* of the Lord reigns there can neither be faith, nor love nor hope." If any of these be wanting in an individual we cannot look for Christian purity in the life and conduct. Let it be known and felt, then, that he who preaches or he who writes and talks against error and ungodliness must not pour out a "stream of fire and brimstone, or deal out terror and vengeance like a volcano."

B. B. H.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

This is one of the most popular annuals now published in our country. Its sale is very extensive, and no work is so earnestly sought for by the booksellers as this. Much of its wide popularity is no doubt owing to its enterprising publisher, Mr. Tompkins. He is untiring in his exertions to bring it before the public, and exhibits great taste in the selection of subjects for the engravings. He is also careful to have all parts of the mechanical work executed in the best manner. It has ever been printed on superior paper and bound in an elegant style.

The Rose has also been ably edited. Mrs. Mayo was a lady of fine mind, and superior attainments; and she discharged her duties to the entire satisfaction of all. She gave to the Rose a high literary character. Her productions are equal to any that have appeared from the numerous talented and accomplished female writers of our country. But she has gone to her rest and her joy. Early in life her labors were closed. Her days, though few, were useful, and her name will ever be cherished among us with fond affection. And it will not only live among us; but it will live among the numerous admirers which she had in all parts of our country. Her reputation as a writer was widely extended; and had her life been spared, she would have earned a name second to none among the female writers which have graced the Christian literature of our land.

Mrs. C. M. Sawyer has been engaged to succeed Mrs. Mayo. A better selection could not have been made. We do not hesitate to say, that we think the Rose, under the charge of Mrs. Sawyer, will sustain its high literary and religious character. She has, for many years, enjoyed an exalted rank among the writers of our country, and her productions have been extensively read. She has superior judgment and fine taste, and is in all respects fully fitted for the task she has assumed.

Our denomination has many talented and accomplished female writers—many that could conduct an annual like the Rose, with credit to themselves and the denomination. Mrs. Case, Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Munroe, are writers of whom we may well feel proud, and who are exerting a good influence upon the liberal minds of our land. Mrs. Mayo is not the only gifted female writer which has departed for the spirit world. Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Jerauld, acquired a name of high distinction, and their memories will live, ages after the places in which they lie, have been hidden from human gaze, by the changes of earth.

O. A. S.

NEW ARRANGEMENT, PHILADELPHIA.

We have made arrangements to forward our paper to Philadelphia by express, and have it delivered by a carrier, free of charge for delivery, from the commencement of the present volume, to the subscribers. Under this arrangement we propose to serve our Philadelphia patrons, as cheaply and as promptly as though the paper were published in that city. We hope that it may prove so satisfactory to them, as to lead to a further increase of patronage. If each of our present subscribers would interest himself so far as to send us one new name, it would render the arrangement permanent and profitable to all concerned. Mr. J. P. Frazier, 415 Market-street, is the carrier, and is also authorized to act as agent. When more convenient, persons wishing to subscribe or to pay their subscriptions, can apply to the pastor of either of the churches or to J. L. Gihon, at the Book Bindery in the Ledger Building, Chestnut-street.

Miscellaneous Department.

Selected.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

One sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above—
Zion, one faith is thine,
One only watchword—love.
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our sacrifice is one,
One priest before the throne—
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

O, why should they who love
One Gospel to unfold,
Who seek one home above,
On earth be strange and cold?
Why, subjects of the Prince of Peace,
In strife abide, and bitterness?

O! may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and his last,
His constant, latest care,
Ere to his throne he pass'd—
No longer unfulfill'd remain,
The world's offence, his people's stain.

Head of the Church beneath,
The Catholic—the true—
On all her members breathe—
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love, and live as one.

Evangelical Christendom.

GIVING.

The sun gives ever; so the earth—
What it can give, so much 'tis worth;
The ocean gives in many ways—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays;
So, too, the air, it gives us breath—
When it stops giving, comes in death.
Give, give, be always giving:
Who gives not, is not living.
The more you give
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth unheap'd;
Only by giving it is reap'd.
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more we give
The more we live.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

BY MARY S. ADAMS.

"Three month's imprisonment! Heigho!" soliloquized Harvey Hall, as he entered the school-room, and surveyed the array of seats before him. "Well, poverty is a crime punished not only by one's state and country, but by the whole world. Here am I longing for a profession which shall give some play to my mind, which shall enable me to take a stand among men; and now to purchase that profession I must "teach young ideas" till the requisite sum is obtained. The daughters of Darius were condemned for the murder of their husbands to fill leaky vessels in Tartarus—that is they became teachers! It is hard that those who have neither *been* nor *murdered* husbands should endure like punishment."

Harvey Hall always spoke the truth, albeit, sometimes the truth a little *swollen*; so he was, as he said, condemned to a temporary reign over children and spelling-books, in order to pursue his studies—for the expenses of which the limited finances of his parents would not suffice; and he had taken the academy at L., with the due announcement of all his qualifications in the county newspaper.

"Some bright faces here," thought he, as his eyes glanced over those of his scholars upturned to him, and rested on one with eyes bright enough to light Cupid on his way to any untenanted heart, but bearing the expression of smothered mirth never relished by those who do not happen to know the *mot d'enigme*. Small white fingers traced something rapidly on the slate, which was then given to a young lady, who, on the perusal of its characters, gave a stifled laugh, and buried her face in a handkerchief. But the author of the mischief, whatever it was, instantly turned to gravity, and met the searching gaze of Hall with a demure look which amused him not a little.

"That daughter of parson Hinton finds fun enough in something. I wish her father could preach her into better behavior. She is the most troublesome sprite I have in school. "Young ladies," he said, assuming all the dignity of his position, "less whispering, and more attention to your studies would conduce to your improvement."

Annie Hinton and her chum took their books, and were soon apparently absorbed in them. Annie met with some question she could not solve; and taking her book to the teacher, she asked an explanation. It was given.

"And you made an observation just now sir which I wish to remember. Will you be so kind as to repeat it," she added, bending toward him with the greatest mock attention and deference.

It is said that the worst reception of a compliment is to request its repetition; and the remark is just as applicable to a reproof. Certainly Harvey Hall found it so. Impudence he could have met successfully; but there was something in the arch air of respect so evidently assumed, and in the polite tone accompanying bright eyes which *would* almost laugh out, which told him the present scene would figure in some after frolic formidable enough to young gentlemen who are never proof against the ridicule of mirthful girls in their teens. He longed to laugh with her at it all, but an assembled school, a roguish scholar would not exactly admit of this; so, coloring a little and then provoked at himself for the *gossipping* blood which betrayed his inward embarrassment, he said,

"Oh, merely that study is more appropriate to the school-room than amusement. I shall be happy to have it dwell in your memory and practice, Miss Hinton."

Annie bowed gracefully, gravely, and turned away, but not before Hall mentally resolved never to admonish her again if he could avoid it.

When the day of compositions came—that bore which all parties would gladly overlook instead of look over—Hall, dreading trite essays on all the hackneyed themes of school, told the misses under his charge to write on anything that interested them—they might describe some of the manners and customs among them.

"But we have *no manners*, and very few customs, Mr. Hall," said Annie.

"Well, select any subject that pleases yourself Miss Annie."

The composition was on Dignity, and so ludicrous, so *personal* a description of it, that Mr. Hall was fairly puzzled. What shall I say to this merry damsel, who seems to turn into sport all I say or do. I cannot correct her.

Miss Hinton, carry this home to your father, and see if he says it is a proper article for you to bring in as a composition."

The next day it was returned with "My father thinks Dignity one of the finest things he has ever seen," she said half hesitating, as if unwilling to utter such a phrase, but looking as if all the spirits of fun had taken the opportunity to look out of her eyes. Of course, her reverend parent had never had a glimpse of it—and this her teacher very well knew.

But why watch her with more interest than all the "well behaved" of his school? In accordance with Scripture, he left the ninety and nine just ones, to search for the one who went astray. The lessons she recited had for him a double interest; the days she was absent were like the dull, gray sky of autumn—nay, several times he even acknowledged to himself that teaching was *not* the dull routine he had supposed, and the term of his probation had not the leaden wings he had anticipated.

But there was an apprehension to disturb the tenor of his thoughts, and fall heavily upon his official capacity. He had—yes, he certainly had seen Annie Hinton, receive a billet from Charles Lane; and Charles Lane was a bright youth—a fine scholar—ready to enter college the next term—and just her age. It was wrong, decidedly wrong, to have any silly flirtations between mere boys and girls—he had always considered it so; but now it was wonderful to see how strong his reasoning, and firm his opinions were on this subject. And personal experience *has* an extraordinary power in giving edge to moral reflections; how it draws them out of the shade, concentrates and clinches them.

Well, Harvey Hall felt really grieved that scholars should have their attention drawn away from their studies by such nonsense as a children's love affair. Charles Lane was a promising boy to be sure; but he must go through college, and be settled in life before he ought to think of fancying any one. He might become dissipated—such bright boys often did: or fickle—in short, no one knew which rein of his character the future might pull. And Annie—pretty creature—who could nor pass a day without some mirthful episode, how ridiculous for a child like her to think of selecting a lover! her mind was not disciplined at all—her taste not pronounced; she might make a different choice when she really knew her own wishes, and had seen more of the world. It would be wrong to entangle herself with any passing fancy like the present—really wrong to suffer a child to make a decision by which the *woman* must abide. And then the good minister would be shocked to see his plaything, Annie, forming any foolish attachment, Yes, he must do all he could to prevent it. But how could Parson Hinton be so blind? The other evening when he called there, Charles Lane knocked at the door, to bring a slip of geranium, which he had walked several miles to get for Annie; and the old gentleman only said, "You are very obliging, Charles—drop in and see us often." So strange, not to know it was just like such precocious youths to fancy themselves in love with every pretty girl. So laws were enacted stricter than those of the Medes and Persians, against all billets passed in school; as if Cupid, had he made the essay, would not have delighted to jeopardize all regulation, and fly in the face of all laws.

One day as Mr. Hall was ascending the steps to enter school, he saw Annie give Charles Lane a knitted purse, and heard her say something about "the phillipina." As I said, he was *principled* against such interchange of sentiment, or gifts, between such children; but the present instance did not come precisely under his dominion, being *out* of school—and he entered upon his duties with a somewhat cloudy brow. Every one has observed how much the sky of his feelings influences the earth of reality. If one wakes "out of tune" in the morning, the events of the day seldom harmonize him. Let you walk out in a city, feeling blue and burthened, and how many things conspire to annoy you. You are blinded by dust or contaminated with mud, or the snow slumps, or your feet slip at every step; a child is almost run over in the street; people jostle rudely; the bell tolls; the town-crier seems to scream at every corner where you turn; the lady you particularly admire is talking with vast animation to —, and does not even perceive you; a bow thrown away; Mr. Lawkins, the deaf man, will cross over to speak to you, but cannot hear your answer, although you have repeated it the third time; a gust of wind blows off your hat, and a bore holds you by the button to tell you, what you well knew, the election has gone against your favorite candidate; while you inwardly exclaim, "misfortunes never come single."

Our pedagogue had a hazy atmosphere around his spirit this day—and nothing cleared it. The recitations were miserable, and the boys full of pranks—which boys are heir to; the girls were anything but book-intent. The class in chemistry was called, and as Mr. Hall was performing some experiments no the apparatus, he said,

"Now, when I apply this, you will see that—it wont go;" he added, as he desired result, from some cause, failed

"Certainly, we see it," smilingly whispered Annie to the next on her seat.

The sound reached Mr. Hall, already mortified by the failure of the experiment.

"Miss Hinton," he exclaimed, in a loud, stern tone, "take your books, and go home."

Annie looked surprised, as well she might, and waited, as if to be sure she did not misunderstand him. The attention of the school was roused—there could be no revocation—so the mandate was repeated, and obeyed.

Poor Hall! his chemical manipulations were no more successful that day; classes were called, and heard at random. The small scholars thought "it was a grand time—master did not seem to mind them;" while older ones wondered at his unwonted humor. Meanwhile his reflections were anything but agreeable. How could he have been so harsh for such a trifle, and ungentlemanly too. All Annie's faults were the mere exuberance of a joyous spirit; and she was quick to acknowledge and regret them; and yet he had not expostulated, but abruptly commanded her to leave. How she must despise him! And she had a great deal of sensibility; he had seen the color suffuse her face, and the tears glisten in her dark eyes, when a tale of sorrow or delicious poem had excited her emotion. Perhaps she was at that very moment weeping at his harshness; and then proofs of interest in *him*, albeit she was a laughter-loving spirit, stole over his memory. He thought of an evening he had lately passed at her house, when his conversation seemed to rivet her attention, although he afterwards heard her say, "There! Mary Jane has a party tonight, and I entirely forgot it until too late. Well, I have enjoyed myself better here.' And he, the ingrate! how had he returned it, by unwarrantable rudeness! She was just beginning to talk to him with confiding frankness of her books, her tastes, and opening to his study a mind as well worth it as the changing loveliness of her face—when this folly had destroyed it all. And what would the good minister say? He who had received him so kindly; so hospitably told him to come to him at any and all times when he could be of assistance—what would *he* say to have his pet, at once his amusement and pride, turned out of school like any common urchin?

O! how the hours of school dragged. Every moment seemed to bear a weight of lead, and carry to the luckless teacher a thousand arrows poisoned by self-reproach. No sooner was his fiat of release obtained, than with mingled regret and apprehension, he wended his steps to the parsonage. He knocked at the door, desired to see Mr. Hinton, and was accordingly shown up into his study.

"He looks as if something lay on his mind," thought the clergyman, as he saw him enter, and advanced to shake hands with him. "Perhaps he is considering the concerns of his soul. Heaven help me to council him aright!" and there was unusual kindliness in his tone, as he urged him to be seated, which was "heaping coals of fire" on the head of the conscience stricken teacher.

A pause, "I am—I have called—I regret"—

"Ah, yes," mentally ejaculated the old man, "he feels the burden of sin, and is under conviction, I see—"

"In short, sir, I am sorry to trouble you at this time, but I—"

"Speak out freely, my dear young man" said his benignant listener.

Is it possible he does not know what has passed?

"I regret to say that, vexed by the inattention of the scholars and by whispering, in which Miss Annie joined, I hastily told her to leave school."

"Told my daughter Annie to leave school!",

The door of the study was thrown open, and Annie danced into the middle of the room, her bonnet hanging on her arm, flowers in her hair, and a bouquet in her hand, fresh from the woods in which she had been rambling. "Father! father!" she stopped, and gazed first at her father, and then at Mr. Hall, with a mingled expression of regret and surprise. Her long walk that afternoon had given her a heightened color;

and the varied feelings which moved her were clearly depicted on her face.

"Come here, Annie," said Hall, extending his hand, "come here, and say you forgive the rudeness of this afternoon." She hesitated an instant—the crimson deepened on her cheek, and the lip slightly trembled; then looking up with one of her own radiant smiles, she gave her small, white hand to the teacher.

Not long after he made another visit to the good minister's study, not, indeed, to ask forgiveness for turning Annie out of school, but to beg permission to transplant her one day to a home of his own. Whatever was said, we suspect Annie might have served as "an instance in point" for that rather broad generalization of Swift,

"No girl is pleased with what is taught,
But has *the teacher* in her thought."

"Young gentlemen," said Harvey Hall, (Judge Hall then,) when some years afterward two or three of his law students were spending the evening at his hospitable mansion, "young gentlemen, never regret the necessity of exerting yourselves in order to obtain your profession; for beside the habit of *self-help* thus formed, which is invaluable, you may," he added, glancing archly at the face, fair as ever, of her who sat with muslin stitchery by the centre-table, "meet with a way-side rose as precious as Annie."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Pride is the dainty occupant of our bosom, and yet ever feeds on the meanness and infirmity of our kind.

Truth is a hardy plant; and when once firmly rooted, it covers the ground so that error can scarce find root.

In the spirit of most men lies a creative power, which only needs the right moment to call forth the spark.

Nothing is cheaper than kind words—there is no excuse, therefore, for surliness. If a civil word or two will render a man happy, said a French king, he must be a wretch, indeed, who will not give them. Louis Philippe owes his life to his politeness. It was by bowing to the people as they cheered him, that he once escaped being shot by an assassin.

As among wise men, he is the wisest who thinks he knows the least, so among fools, he is the greatest who thinks he knows the most.

The great cry with everybody is, *Get on! get on!* just as if the world were traveling post. How astonished people will be when they arrive in heaven, to find the angels, who are so much wiser than they, laying no schemes to be made archangels!

"What a beautiful place heaven is!" exclaimed a little boy. "Why do you think so?" asked his father. "Because," said he, alluding to the stars, "the *nails in the floor* are so beautiful."

"Tell your father," said John Randolph to a young friend, "that I recommend abstinence from novel reading and whiskey punch. Depend upon it sir, they are both equally injurious to the brain."

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

TWO BOYS OF MY ACQUAINTANCE.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

THE UNTRUTHFUL.

I am acquainted with a boy
With flaxen hair and roguish eye,
Who gives his parents little joy,
Because he often tells a lie.

And when to school he takes his way,
The children see him passing by,
And whisper to their friends, and say,
"*That* boy will tell a sinful lie."

And if he does a wicked act,
When not beneath his mother's eye,
He always tries to hide the fa ,
By telling her an awful lie!

And few can ever love him much,
And this is all the reason why,
Because he often utters such
A wicked and disgraceful lie!

THE TRUTHFUL.

I used to know a little boy
With curly hair and gentle eye,
Who was his parents' hope and joy,
Because he never told a lie.

And when to school he gladly went,
In learning with his friends to vie,
The eyes of all he met were bent
On him who never told a lie.

When he was naughty, he would not
The wicked act of his deny,
But he would own it on the spot,
Because he never told a lie.

And all who knew him, loved him so,
To please him they would ever try,
And why they loved him was, I know,
Because he never told a lie!

Original.

A LETTER

To my Sunday School Class, in New London, Conn.

My Dear Girls:—You will recollect, at our last meeting in your Sabbath School, when the sad farewells were spoken, and we were to separate as teacher and scholars, I promised to write you when I arrived at my new home. In redeeming my promise, I have thought best to address you this time, through the N. Y. "Christian Messenger," rather than write each of you a separate letter.

I need not tell you how much I have enjoyed meeting with you Sabbath after Sabbath, in our pleasant, and convenient School-room; how often my heart has been made glad by your eagerness to listen to the explanation of our lessons, and the readiness with which you perceived their teachings, in relation to the duties of life, and the obligations we are under to our Heavenly Father for His manifold blessings. Or, when your thoughts have been directed to the purity and joys of the spirit-land our heavenly home, although your life was all too new, and this earth too fair for you to wish to exchange it for any other at present, yet, when your attention has been turned to the fact that all the joys of earth must fade—that this is not our home—that in due time we shall all be re-united to those we loved, who have gone before us to that bright world beyond our own, peace and joy would be blended in your youthful countenances, like "music breathing from the face."

Your love for the Sunday School, was manifested by your punctual attendance. Every sabbath morning, for months and even years, I was greeted by your smiling and happy faces. Oh! happy seasons those; past never to return! Now, I am far away from you, where all I meet are but strangers. Often, I thread the streets in my loneliness, but not one of the throng whom I pass, gives me a smile of recognition Although "we have all one Father," and are bound to one common home, yet we are strangers here! In passing the children of the place, no bright eyes, and sunny faces greet me with a smile. But I derive much satisfaction in the hours of loneliness, in recalling to my mind the laughing eyes of A, the eager expression of J, the affectionate look of E, the dimpled cheek of I, and the quiet and loving voice of F. But I must not dwell longer on the past, for I am aware that you will want to know something of our new home, and, as I know but little of the people or Sunday Schools here, as yet, I have

thought I would give you a brief description of the place.—Though the short time I have resided here, must necessarily make the description very imperfect, still I will give you some of the outlines.

Dover is a much larger place than New London, and the buildings, most of them, have a look of more recent erection. The streets also are much broader, and I think present a cleaner appearance. There are a great number of them, and some attempts at regularity. For instance, *First-street* runs parallel with the river; and *Second* parallel with the *First*, then Third and Fourth, and so on; but after all there is much irregularity in the cross streets. The principal streets are very broad, but have not the beautiful shade, and ornamental trees that you have, although there has been some attention given to setting out trees of late, which will in a few years beautify the place. There are four public squares in town—Washington, Franklin, Central, and Tuttle.

These, however, are not much ornamented. The country back and around us, is much more fertile than around N. London. We have fine farms, approximating to the very borders of the village.

This place is situated, as you will see by looking on your maps, on the Cocheco river, about five miles from its mouth. This river is a branch of the Piscciaqua. It was named by the Indians, and was formerly spelt *Cochecho*. The river is navigable, as far as this place, for craft of a hundred tons or more. We have a packet on the river, that runs every day from this place to Portsmouth, and back; and in the summer, a steamboat makes a trip to Portsmouth every day, distance fourteen miles by water, twelve by land. The conveyance by railroad is three times in a day, I believe. The Cocheco is not so broad as the Thames but has much power I conclude, for there is erected on it in this place, four large factories for making cotton and woolen cloths, and a large bleachery, and printworks. These buildings are constructed of brick with granite foundations, and are some of them seven stories high and several hundred feet in length. When they are lighted, in the evening, they make a most brilliant appearance,—quite an illumination. There are not many public buildings, aside from the churches. We have a splendid Town house, on Central Square. It is quite elevated, and has a large, spacious, and convenient hall in the fourth story for town business, and other purposes. The rooms above are used for offices by Doctors, Lawyers &c. There are quite a number of churches, one Calvinistic, two Freewill Baptist, one Roman Catholic, one Presbyterian, one Episcopalian, one Unitarian, one Quaker, two Methodist, and one Universalist. The churches are none of them nearly so beautiful as yours. The Presbyterian church is a large brick building, two stories high, very plain and neat, but what gives it an inferior look is, a flight of wooden steps the whole width of the church, in the place of granite. The Episcopal church is of the Gothic style, built of wood, rather a pretty house, but this has a small yard with a wooden fence in front, and wooden steps at the entrance of the church. The Unitarian is brick, and very plain and neat. This also has wooden steps. The other churches are all of wood.

We have a number of quite city-like brick blocks, that are used for stores, offices, &c. The merchants manifest much taste in displaying their goods in the show windows. There are also some very handsome dwellings, and quite a number of beautiful situations, out, a half a mile, or so, from the centre of the village, just far enough retired to be from the bustle of business, and yet near enough to command a view of the whole village. The natural scenery of this place is beautiful. The serpentine course of the Cocheco, with its beautiful sloping, and fertile banks; the elevated points that rise above these, some of them covered with beautiful groves of pines with their dense foliage of deep green, even at this season, and then, rich farms stretching out in the distance, as far as the eye can reach, with their pretty farm-houses, presenting a beautiful landscape. For nearly an eighth of a mile on the opposite bank of the Cocheco, there are deep gorges alternating with swells, at about equal distances, that are unlike anything I have ever seen before. They have a very beautiful and artificial appearance, although wrought by nature. In these gorges, are little springs, dancing merrily along, paying their tiny tribute to the Cocheco, and giving a green and fresh look to the grassy banks, in their course. On this side of the river is a deep ravine of considerable width and extent, not running in the course of the river, but in a northern direction. This is a most romantic place, about thirty feet wide, with almost perpendicular banks fifty or sixty feet high. On the sides and summit are large pine trees, and as it nears the river, water-willows are growing. I think this chasm must once have been the bed of a river. It is now the home of numerous little gurgling springs that nestle in its seclusion. Another place of much interest is "Garrison Hill." This is half or three fourths of a mile from the centre of the town, and rises abruptly like a miniature mountain. On its summit you have an extensive view of the surrounding country for a great distance. I ascended it on "Thanksgiving day." There lay, just at its base the town of Dover with its throng of buildings containing their ten thousand inhabitants, in active life. The church spires were towering far above the other buildings, pointing heavenward; which forcibly reminded me of that beautiful passage in the celebrated poem entitled "*Old*," by Ralph Hoyt—

> Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky,
> Tracing silently life's changeful story!

Gracefully floating from its staff was the flag of our country. The smoke was rising in light & graceful curls from each dwelling. From this eminence we have a splendid panoramic view of ten or twelve towns; among them, Portsmouth; with a spyglass we can see the vessels moving on the water, in the Piscataqua bay. A range of mountains called the "Blue range," stretch in the distance, and lift their mighty heads almost to the blue above. Then in an opposite direction, in the far distance, are the white mountains, with their snow-capped heads defying the sun to divest them of their pure white garments. No description of mine can give you any idea of the beauty and grandeur of the scene.

The beautiful Cocheco runs musingly along in its meandering course, wholly unconscious of the mighty work it is performing in propelling so much machinery, marking the inventive genius of man.

On this eminence we first see the river just at the base, on the western side. In a short distance, it bends, and is hidden from our sight by the trees that skirt its banks. Then again, it breaks out in a more rapid course on the eastern side, and leaps along for some distance, and then hides from our view. And then again we have a glimpse of its bright waters in the far distance. Thus it seems playfully to evade our sight for awhile, and then starts out in the distance like a beautiful "thing of life," as if to mock us with its gambols. The town clock counted out with its iron tongue, the hour of noon, which reminded us that we must descend and return home. I assure you that our ramble gave us a fine appetite for our "Thanksgiving" dinner.

Perhaps you would like to know what gave this eminence the name of "Garrison hill." All I can inform you about it, is, that when this place was first settled by the white men, they stationed a Garrison there to defend the town from an attack of the Indians, who were prowling about and disturbing the white settlers, or *pale faces*, as they termed them. Thus my dear girls, I have given you such a description of our present location as I have been able; and should acquaintance with its inhabitants, lead me to discover anything further, that may seem interesting to you, I may write again.

Yours, with much affection,

E. M. Greenwood.

Dover, N. H., Nov. 1848.

Buckwheat Cakes.—The griddle on which cakes are baked should never be touched with grease. Firstly, because it imparts a bad taste to the cakes. Secondly, if a cooking stove be used it fills the whole house with the smell of burnt grease—to say nothing of the parade, and boasting to one's neighbors, by betraying what we are to have for breakfast. Wash the griddle with hot soap-suds; scour with dry sand, and when heated for use, rub it well with fine salt and a coarse cloth. It will then be ready to receive the cakes. After each cake is removed, the salt rubbing must be repeated. If the first dose does not succeed, try it again, and you will ever after follow the advice of an

Suffolk Democrat. Old Housekeeper.

The value of the Pennsylvania coal-mines, is estimated at $3,000,000 annually. The southern gold mines yield but about half a million.

Population of Cincinnati 107,600—with that of Newport and Covington opposite 120,000.

STONINGTON ROUTE TO BOSTON.

The winter arrangements on this route are now completed. The Massachusetts takes the place of the Vanderbilt, and the State of Maine, of the Connecticut. Both of these are superior winter boats. The State of Maine has not its equal for such a route. Capt. Stone of the M., and Capt. Howes of the S., are gentlemanly and able commanders. This is the best route to Boston.

UNIVERSALIST BOOKS IN PHILADELPHIA.

All the works published by the denomination can be had of James L. Gihon No. 98 Chestnut st. at published prices.

Mr. Gihon will also attend to any business relating to the Ambassador and Christian Messenger.

☞There is a letter in this office for Miss Henrietta S. Bowen.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Crawford, N. Y., the second Sunday in Dec.; and evenings as follows: Stormville, Dec. 4; Fishkill, Dec. 5; Monroe, Dec. 6; Chester, Dec. 7; Amity, Dec. 8; Searsburgh Dec. 9; Montgomery, 10.

Br. Lyon is giving a course of Lectures in illustrating and defence o Universalism, in the church, corner of South Third and Fourth-st.f Williamsburgh. Subject next Sabbath evening, The nature of Christ.

Br. Bulkeley, will preach in Camptown N. J. the second Sunday in December at 10 1-2 A. M., at Jefferson Village at 2 1-2 P. M., and at Middleville in the evening.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

The above named body will hold an adjourned meeting in the vestry of the Orchard-street church, on Wednesday evening of next week, at 7 o'clock.

HENRY LYON, Clerk, pro. tem.

MARRIAGES.

By Rev. O. A. Skinner, Nov. 30, Mr. John H. Blauvelt to Miss Rosanna Earp, both of Rockland, Rockland county.

In this city, by Rev. W. S. Balch, Mr. Augustus Alleoud and Miss Sarah Goodwin.

In this city by the Rev. O. A. Skinner, Nov. 30 Mr. Sylvester Davis to Miss Cynthia Harris.

In the Universalist Church, North Salem, N. Y., Nov. 26th, by Rev. S. J. Hillyer, Mr. Raymond Weed, of Watertown Conn., and Miss Ann Eliza Quick, of Ridgefield.

On October 5th, by Rev. J. H. Harter, Mr. J. Monroe Pepper, to Miss Miranda Gibbs, all of Little Falls.

By the same, Oct. 3d, Mr. John P. Rice, to Miss Catherine Putman, both of Herkimer.

In Castile, Oct. 3d, by Rev. J. S. Brown, Rev. W. E. Manley, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss M. Jane Church, of the former place.

In Perry, Oct. 5th, by the same, Sanford Armstrong, Esq., to Miss Matilda Wilcox, all of Perry.

In Castile, Oct. 13th by the same, F. Gurley Abbott, to Miss Betsey Ames.

On the 14th ult. by Rev. Theodore Clapp, Mr. A. S. Wood of New-Orleans, to Miss Sarah S. daughter of the late Marcus D. Mallory, of Woodbury, Conn.

DEATHS.

In Brooklyn, Sunday night, November 19th, Mr. WILLIAM HART, aged 39 years. His remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery on Monday the 20th

In this city on the 26th ult. Mrs Laura B. Field, aged 36. She had been for many years a firm Universalist, and died in the full triumphs of a hope full of immortality. Her death was expected for many weeks, and she made every arrangement for it. A few days before she died she wrote for her tombstone the words, "She loved everybody." It should be added, for it is true, "And every body loved her."

At Winchester, N. H., on the 24th Nov. 1848, Mrs. Lucy Hawkins, in the 88th year of her age.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

B. Mudge, please credit Mr. Hickford Marshall, of Stamford, Ct. $1 for 5th vol Miscellany and charge this office.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME OF THE

NEW YORK

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

TO BE EDITED BY

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley.

A new volume of this paper will be commenced on the 11th of November. It will be published as heretofore, on a super-royal sheet, in folio form. The paper will be of good quality, strong and white, and the mechanical execution will be equal to that of any other denominational paper.

It will be devoted to the defence and illustration of Universalism; Morality, Literature, and Science; to questions of Reform and Progress, and General Intelligence. It will contain Sermons, Essays, Scripture Expositions, Reviews of Books, interesting Moral Stories, Juvenile Pieces, Denominational and General News.

Besides the productions of the Editors, it will contain articles from our best writers. Regular Correspondents, in different parts of the country, have been engaged to furnish the earliest information touching the interests of our cause.

New-York is the Commercial Emporium of the Union, and it affords peculiar facilities for the publication of a Universalist paper; and we hope to make ours worthy of an extensive patronage. If past experience and untiring perseverance will enable us to do so, our friends may depend on receiving one equal to any in the Denomination.

We respectfully ask the aid and co-operation of all our present patrons, and all who wish well to our success, promising, on our part, to do every thing in our power to render the Messenger an acceptable and useful paper.

TERMS.

The MESSENGER will be Published every Saturday, at TWO DOLLARS a year, payable in advance; to which *Fifty Cents* will be added if not paid within Six months from the time of subscribing.

Persons sending us *Ten Dollars*, shall receive *six* copies, or *Twenty Dollars, Thirteen* copies.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO.

Messenger Office, 140 *Fulton-street, N. Y.*, Oct. 30, 1848.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR,

Is published weekly, in octavo form, and contains all the important reading of the Messenger. It is printed on good paper, well pressed, and neatly folded. It will make a handsome volume, at the end of the year, of *eight hundred and thirty-two* large octavo pages, filled with interesting and profitable reading, worthy of preservation. This is the only weekly journal in the denomination whose form makes it convenient for the library. It is furnished to single subscribers at $2 50. Persons sending $12.00 shall receive six copies, and $24.00 thirteen copies.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	$5 25a5 75	Beef, mess, per. bbl.	9 50a10 50
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 28	" Prime, "	$5 50a6 25
" Western, "	1 06a1 15	Lard, per lb.,	7a8
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	3 12a3 25	Cheese, "	6 1-2a7 1-4
Corn, round, per bush.,	72a73	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	20a22
" mixed, "	65a67	" Western "	16a18
" New Orleans, "	60a61	" Ohio Common,	10a12
Rye, "	62	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	24
Oats, "	34a36	" L'pool grnd, sack,	1 05a1 10
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	12 50a$13	" " fine, "	1 25a1 35
" Prime, "	8 87a9 50	Wool, pulled and fleece,	23 a 26

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	45a50	Timothy Seed, tierce,	15a17
Hops, per lb.,	9a10 1-2	Clover " per lb.,	6a7
Feathers, live American,	30a35	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	9	bushel,	1 20a1 25

New-York Cattle Market....Monday, Dec. 4.

At market 1500 Beef Cattle, 60 Cows and Calves, and 3,500 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE—The market was very dull last week. Good retail ing qualities sell at from 5 to 7 1-2 cents. A lot of 40 head shigped to Bermada. 200 left left over.

COWS AND CALVES—Sales at from $23 to $32 50 a 49 according to quality and concition.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prices of 1 25 2 63 a 4 88; Lambs 78 1-2 1 75 a2 50.